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Its notices of society and manners are necessarily superficial and imperfect; and the accounts of individuals are sometimes more free, perhaps, than they themselves would think judicious. But, there is nothing in it to gratify scandal or spleen; no exhibition or excitement of party feelings and passions in religion or politics, or anything else. It is chiefly filled with accounts of what he himself saw; the manufactories, mines, prisons, hospitals, public schools, and other similar establishments, which he visited; and consists, therefore, in a great measure, of what may be called the statistics of the benevolent and useful institutions, by which misery and guilt are diminished, and knowledge and power diffused in Europe. It is a book, which, in all respects, does credit to its author, as a member of the Society of Friends, and can, therefore, hardly fail of being interesting and useful to the public.

ART. X.—*Essays Descriptive and Moral on Scenes in Italy, Switzerland, and France.* By AN AMERICAN. Edinburgh. A. Constable & Co. 1 vol. 8vo. 1823.

THIS small and unpretending volume of Essays, which appeared a few months ago at Edinburgh, is not a book of travels; but the result and reflections of some passages in its author's residence on the continent of Europe. It has been his object, therefore, to give a deep moral and religious interest and coloring to a few separate scenes and circumstances, that chiefly arrested his attention, without attempting to mark the course of his journeys, or to give a minute description even of the portions on which he has chosen to dwell. In general, he has succeeded. The grave tone of his thoughts and feelings harmonizes well with the scenes and subjects he has selected, belonging, as they do chiefly, to the antiquities of Italy and of the Catholic faith. Occasionally, indeed, he turns aside from these subjects. But still his mind keeps on in the same strain of thought and feeling, almost always solemn and sometimes sad, showing an original imagination easily excited, and sustaining itself long; but which has evidently been

little accustomed to dwell on visible things ; and is, therefore, at every moment escaping from the immediate and the present to the indefinite relations of the past and the future.

‘It struck my imagination much,’ says he, while standing on the last field fought by Bonaparte, ‘that the battle of Waterloo should have been fought upon a Sunday. What a different scene for the Scotch Greys and English infantry, from that which at that very hour was exhibited by their relatives ; when over England and Scotland each church bell had drawn together its worshippers ! While many a mother’s heart was sending upward a prayer for her son’s preservation, perhaps that son was gasping in agony.

‘Yet even at such a period, the lessons of his early days might give him consolation ; and the maternal prayer might prepare the heart to support maternal anguish. It is religion alone which is of universal application, both as stimulant and lenitive, as it is the varied heritage of man to labor or endure. But we know that many thousands rushed into this fight, even of those who had been instructed in our own religious principles, without leisure for one serious thought ; and that some officers were killed in their ball-dresses. They made the leap into the gulf which divides two worlds, the present from the immutable state, without one parting prayer or one note of preparation !

‘As I looked over this field, now green with growing corn, I could mark with my eye spots where the most desperate carnage had been marked out by the verdure of the wheat. The bodies had been heaped together, and scarcely more than covered. And so enriched is the soil, that in these spots the grain never ripens ; it grows rank and green to the end of the harvest. This touching memorial, which endures when the thousand groans have expired, and when the stain of human blood has faded from the ground, still seems to cry to Heaven that there is awful guilt somewhere, and a terrific reckoning for those who had caused destruction which the earth would not conceal. These hillocks of superabundant vegetation, as the wind rustled through the corn, seemed the most affecting monuments which nature could devise, and gave a melancholy animation to this plain of death.

‘When we attempt to measure the mass of suffering which was here inflicted, and to number the individuals that have fallen, considering that each who suffered was our fellow man, we are overwhelmed with the agonizing calculation, and retire from the field which has been the scene of our reflections, with the simple concentrated feeling ;—these armies once lived, breathed, and felt like us, and the time is at hand when we shall be like them.’ pp. 252—255.

This, we think, is striking ; and striking passages, written with much strength of feeling and considerable choice of expression, are to be found scattered through the whole volume. Take, for instance, the following reflections, after a visit to Pæstum.

‘ Few places combine within such narrow limits so rich a train of various meditation, for persons of whatever disposition or habit, as this city upon the Gulf of Salerno. At a point, removed from the sight of civilized life, surrounded with the relics of men who lived in the highest stage of luxury, he who can only admire the skill which raised an architrave, and he who has fancy enough to picture the living scene of a Grecian city while sitting on its tomb, will find no other interruption than the rapid movement, now and then, of a beautiful lizard, which he has startled from basking in the sunshine. The still sea at a distance, and the dark mountains upon the opposite side, are both so far away, that not even the dashing of the water, or the wandering of the clouds, distracts the soul from the present vision. The noxious Mal’aria has thinned the region of its inhabitants, and left it to excite, by its solitude, an unbroken chain of musing in one who, in his pilgrimage over Italy, pauses at this remote point.

‘ It was from Pæstum that I was to turn my face homeward. The eye, which is insatiable, had beheld the choicest wonders of the world, and it was suitable that the last object should be such a ruin,—simple and majestic, like the Pantheon—lasting as the Coliseum—and lonely as the trackless desert.

‘ A journey in Italy may be compared not unaptly with the course of human life. The plains of Lombardy, and the vale of Arno, are rich, and smooth, and beautiful as youth ; we come to Rome for the sights, and experience, and reflections, which suit manhood ; we return after the bustle of life to the comforts congenial to age, and which are provided in sunshine, and air, and the bounties of nature, as we find them at Naples ; and we at last behold Pæstum, as the soberest evening scene, which shuts up our wearisome pilgrimage, and ends our toil.

‘ The fate of empires and cities concerns us little in comparison with our own destiny ; for each man’s bosom is a little world, and is all the world to him.’ pp. 12—14.

As a general remark upon this somewhat singular and original work, it may be observed, that the author is more at home in the South of Italy, than anywhere else ; for, as might well be foreseen, his feelings and fancy are both more appropriately and more earnestly excited amidst the solemn

ruins, and the ecclesiastical magnificence of modern Rome, than by the manners and scenery of the countries of the north.

In one point of view, indeed, few subjects can be more interesting than the present state of Rome ;—Rome, we mean, considered as a diminished and decaying city, annually consumed by the increasing pestilence of the Mal'aria, whose ruins are destined at some period, and, perhaps, at no very remote one, to be left as desolate as the ruins of Pæstum or Volterra. That this is inevitable has long been admitted with more or less distinctness ; but never shown by any connected notices of the past progress of this mysterious pestilence, compared with its present extent ; for the Romans have seemed to be unwilling to meet the subject in all its alarming magnitude ; and strangers have rarely examined it with interest and thoroughness.

The Mal'aria, or *bad air*, as it is called, is a state of the atmosphere, or of the soil, or of both, in different parts of Italy, producing in the warm season, and especially in the months of August and September, a fever,* more or less violent according to the nature of the exposure ; but generally fatal, where the exposure has been long continued, or the place among the more dangerous. It is found in very different situations—situations, indeed, so different, that we can hardly be justified in believing it always to proceed from the same cause. We hear of it in the rice grounds of Lombardy, on the highlands near Padua, on the summits of the Radicofani, and round the Gulf of Salerno. But it is nowhere so formidable as at Rome, for it nowhere else prevails over a tract of country so extensive, or is followed by consequences indicating so fatal a degree of activity in the cause. The infected district, of which Rome is almost the centre, extends on the coast from Leghorn to Terracina, and from the sea back to the Appenines, nearly two hundred miles in length and sometimes above thirty in breadth. How many perish annually from the peculiar disease contracted within these limits, it is not possible to determine ; because the persons employed here in cultivating the soil do not live on it permanently, and

* An instance of death from this cause occurred in 1819 as early as April. But such cases, we believe, are rare.

as soon as they find themselves infected endeavor to seek a place in some of the towns, or return home to be restored or to die. The number, however, is very great. Above four thousand perished by it in the hospitals of Rome alone in 1801, and the yearly list seldom falls below thirteen hundred.* Indeed, it is now a settled point, that human life cannot be supported where the Mal'aria prevails with a considerable degree of intensity; and those who have survived one season of exposure to it, under such circumstances, are generally its victims, if their poverty forces them a second year within its influence.

A century ago, and indeed much later, it was generally believed that the Mal'aria was a dense exhalation chiefly from the Pontine marshes, brought to Rome in the latter part of the summer by the south westerly winds, which then prevail nearly the whole time. In consequence of this, the small number of houses built beyond the capitol, in modern times, have generally been constructed with few or no windows towards the south west, lest the infection should gain access by them. But it has since been found to enter gradually at the northern side of the city, and at the same season, notwithstanding the prevalence of opposing winds, and, therefore, this doctrine, which was always obliged to contend with the fact, that the Pontine marshes are forty miles from Rome, seems now to have little left for its support.

That the Pontine marshes are unhealthy from the decay of vegetable matter, there can be no doubt; and it is probable they always were so. Pliny, indeed, speaks of a large number of cities that filled them with population and life, before all record of Roman history; but, the tradition he followed is probably fabulous, and the first authentic information we get concerning them is, that they were drained in the year of Rome 442 by Appius Claudius, when he built his famous Appian Way through the midst of them. But in time his

* The number of patients received into the Santo Spirito Hospital at Rome in 1818, of the disease produced by the Mal'aria, was 8137, and the number of deaths was 363. The number received in 1819 was 6134, and the number of deaths was 258. Bark is the only remedy employed. The Prince of the Peace, who died of it in 1820, took six pounds in substance, and an English gentleman, who suffered severely from it the same year, but survived, took thirteen pounds. In 1819, 2960 pounds were consumed in the Santo Spirito Hospital, and in 1818, 3200 pounds. This account relates to but one Hospital.

canal ceased to fulfil its purpose. Horace, indeed, passed through it on his merry journey to Brundisium, and saw evidently more than one village on its borders ; but Julius Cæsar had already found the whole relapsing, and formed a magnificent project for a perpetual drain and purification of the whole extent of the marshes, by carrying through their centre the bed of the Tyber, and discharging its waters at Terracina, above thirty miles from its natural outlet. He was, however, prevented from undertaking it by his sudden death. They were, probably, drained again by Trajan, and certainly, in the year 500, by Theodorick ; but from this time, as everywhere else in Italy, the works of antiquity, here, too, went to decay. About the year 1300, Boniface VIII ventured to do something, and almost three centuries later, the restless spirit of Sixtus V made an experiment of an enormous canal ; but both failed. The road was still obliged to go round by the declivity of the Appenines, and the immense surface of the marshes was still left, as Statius saw it, one vast bog.

At last, between 1778 and 1788, Pius VI, acting under the persuasion, that the pestilence of the Mal'aria came to Rome from the Pontine marshes, undertook to reduce them, at once, to a state fit for cultivation. An immense number of lives was consumed in the enterprise ; but he succeeded so far as to build through the midst of this watery waste a magnificent road twenty four miles long accompanied, like the Appian way, by an ample canal, which, when the French were masters of Rome, was enlarged and furnished with subsidiary sluices, that have remained ever since in efficient operation. Still, however, the Pontine marshes cannot be said to be reclaimed. Of the one hundred and thirty eight square miles of which they are composed, not above twenty have been reduced to a state of cultivation ; and of the remainder a large proportion is still under water. The whole is as much subject as ever to exhalations, that produce fatal fevers during the summer months ; and it remains, therefore, as dreary a waste now, as it was when Appius Claudius built the solid causeway, that has disappeared forever in its bosom. Human habitations, there are none, except those supported by the government ; and the very postillions, that are obliged to convey those travellers whom necessity brings there at the dangerous season, are convicts, for whom this service is only a commutation of punish-

ment. Wherever the eye turns, the view is, at last, closed up by a rank and impenetrable growth of saplings and bushes, that, on such a soil, can never gain the height of trees; and in the intervals, where these are not found, thousands of horses and buffaloes are wandering about in herds nearly wild, followed sometimes, though rarely, by a wretched herdsman, broken down with squalid infirmities, and as rude and untamed as themselves.

That the exhalations from such a vast extent of country as this, so long the seat of fatal disease, may, as the vulgar have believed from the time of Pliny to our own days, produce some effect on the atmosphere in the city of Rome, when the wind has long blown from the south west, is very possible. It is not, however, credible, that they are the entire or even principal cause of the Mal'aria there; for this pestilence prevails in other parts of Italy remote from all marshy grounds; it prevails near Rome over a dry surface vastly greater, than the whole surface of the Pontine marshes; the city itself is forty miles distant from them; and, for the last twenty years, the Mal'aria has been entering from the north against the current of the winds, as fast as it has from the south, where it is supposed to be favored by them.

We must, therefore, seek for its chief cause in the very soil it lays waste; or, in other words, in the territory which passes under the name of the *Campagna di Roma*, whose centre is Rome itself. This territory is entirely of volcanic formation; is broken into gentle undulations; is raised considerably above the level of the sea; and is quite dry. It is, therefore, in all respects, different from the Pontine marshes, and yet is no less the seat of disease, and no less deserted and waste.

How long it has been unhealthy, from the causes that have now depopulated above a thousand square miles of fruitful territory, it is not easy to determine. The neighborhood of Rome, according to Livy's account, was not in good reputation above three centuries before the Christian æra. Strabo speaks of Lanuvium and Antium; and Seneca of Ardea, as unhealthy; and that the city itself was partially so, we may fairly infer from the beautiful descriptions in Horace, and the constant allusions in Suetonius, Juvenal and Tibullus, to the villas that were scattered from the hills of Tivoli to Baja and Capræa, where the luxurious patricians, and their more luxu-

rious emperors resorted for a purer air than they could find at home. But this is all; and such intimations will hardly distinguish the case of ancient Rome from that of other large southern cities. Certainly there is nothing in them, that indicates the peculiar curse of an annual pestilence laying waste a vast territory, then quite as thickly crowded with population as the neighborhood of London or Paris is now.

Nor are its traces to be found even at a much later date. In the times of the empire there is no doubt, from many passages in the *Epitomes*, in *Ammianus Marcellinus*, and in *Procopius*, that the Campagna was still as full of population, as the state of the city might lead us to expect. Christian churches were opened or erected in the suburbs, in the time of Constantine and his immediate successors. The splendid tomb of St Helena, which would not have been built remote from observation, stood where all is now an unbroken waste. Indeed, as late as the year 400, when *Honorius* made his progress through Italy, the whole road from *Oriculum*, a distance of fifty miles, on twenty five of which there are now but two human dwellings, and those supported by the government;—this whole road was so completely lined with splendid houses, villas, temples, and triumphal arches, or, as *Claudian* happily expresses it, *quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi*, that the Emperor imagined himself every moment approaching the gates of the capital.

Under the papal power in the middle ages, everything, of course, declined, and the Campagna suffered in the common decay. But still, there are proofs, that it was not desolated by the Mal'aria. In the ninth century the Popes employed themselves, repeatedly, in enlarging and fortifying the city of *Ostium*, then of great consequence, but now entirely deserted. In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the *Sciarras*, the *Sforzas*, and the other independent feudal chieftains, who bore sway in that part of Italy, held throughout the Campagna those massive castles, whose ruins bear constant witness to a degree of salubrity that is now unknown; while the remains of several forsaken monasteries, and two papal villas, which were chosen resorts and residences about the year 1300, prove, at least, that any inherent difficulty in the soil or atmosphere was a thing not yet apprehended.

The darkest and most disastrous period, however, that Rome has ever passed through, is that between 1305 and 1376, when the papal throne was established at Avignon. The city was then given up to the most desperate and bloody factions, under the conduct of what, in the language of the time, were well called the *famiglie prepotenti*, the Colonne, the Orsini, the Frangipani, and other domestic princes and military chiefs; traces of whose residence and strength are still to be found where human habitation has long been impracticable. Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the misery they produced by their desperate quarrels. Faction succeeded to faction without an interval of repose; one ambitious family triumphed over another; and one demagogue displaced another, in such rapid succession, that it seemed as if the universal misery were fast approaching an inevitable conclusion. When, therefore, Gregory XI returned in 1377, he found the country about Rome laid waste; he found that the suburbs had disappeared; that the walls were in many places broken down and destroyed; and that the whole of the discouraged and failing population was reduced to seventeen thousand souls; so near was the eternal city to its final fall.

From this time, and, perhaps, partly in consequence of this melancholy desolation, we begin to find notices of what is now called the Mal'aria. In 1406, when Gregory XII was elected, we are expressly told by a contemporary, that he did not establish himself at the Lateran, where his predecessors had resided, while the air was not unhealthy—*dum aer non infectus*; so that it must have been something recent. The villa Magliana, a favorite residence of Leo X, six miles from Rome, where he was seized with the illness of which he died in 1521, has been considered an infected spot ever since his time. The Vatican has been accounted positively unsafe since the conclave of 1623; and at every protracted election of a pope, which has happened during the past two centuries in the months of August and September, there has been a remarkable mortality among the cardinals and their attendants. Since 1710, the Palatine, the Circus Maximus, the Forum, the Baths of Dioclesian, the Colosæum, and, indeed, the whole of those portions of the city, where ancient Rome chiefly stood, have been quite abandoned to the

Mal'aria. Very few buildings remain there, and none have been erected, so that from the Viminal round by the Lateran, and by the Baths of Antoninus to the Aventine, the whole must soon become an absolute desert.

At the same time, however, that the site of *ancient Rome* has been thus silently given up, the heart of the *modern city* and its very best portions have been gradually invaded. The Piazza Navona, the Ripetta, and the Quirinal began to be dangerous above a hundred years ago, and the last has since become absolutely unsafe during the hottest months, so, that, even for a century, the coming doom of Rome may be considered as having been inscribed on its walls, distinctly enough to have been understood by those, who well regarded the signs of the times. But within the last fifty years, when observation has been more accurate, this doom has been more apparent. The annual pestilence, which had so long reigned unmolested in the southern portions of the city has, within that time, intruded from the north. The Villa Borghese, the most ample and magnificent of the Roman country houses, which was built in the seventeenth century, just outside the Porta del Popolo, and which, during the greater part of the eighteenth, was the scene of more luxury and splendor, than almost any spot in Italy, has, for above forty years, been considered infected, and is now suffered to fall to ruin. The upper part of the Corso, and the Piazza di Spagna, to which strangers resort, and always have resorted in modern times, as the healthiest parts of the city, have not been entirely safe since the beginning of the present century, and are thought annually to grow worse. The public walk, which the French constructed hardly twenty years ago on the site, or nearly on the site, of the luxurious gardens of Sallust and Lucullus, must already be avoided during the evenings of the months of August and September. The beautiful Villa Ludovisi, in the same quarter, has been no more safe during the last thirty years, but the French Academy of Painting, though separated from it only by a public way, was never invaded till the summer of 1817, and has been condemned as dangerous, only since the death of several of the pupils in 1818.

Thus the last of the Roman hills, and the portion of the city, which, through a succession of ages, has been the chosen seat of its luxury, is now become the victim of the Mal'aria ;

so that from the Vatican to the Lateran, and from the Villa Borghese to the gate of St Paul, there is no longer any considerable space from which those, who are able, do not escape during the hot months, and only very small portions, where, from some unexplained cause, this mysterious pestilence has not yet intruded. Outside of the walls, or in the deserted parts within them, no person will do more than pass rapidly on during the dangerous season, who can possibly avoid it.

On the final result of such a state of things, it is, of course, impossible to shut our eyes. The *Mal'aria* has been for four centuries constantly extending its ravages. It is a contest that has been for ages every year renewed, and every year followed by a signal defeat. The whole Campagna has been laid waste by it; three fourths of the space within the walls of the city have been given up to its desolation; and even in the remainder, though crowded with churches that would be cathedrals elsewhere, and with palaces such as transalpine kings do not dwell in, the unseen pestilence still goes forth unmolested. It is not, indeed, for human foresight to fix the dates of empires and cities; but it is more in the spirit of history than of prophecy to say, that Rome must one day become what Pæstum and Volterra are now.

How soon this solemn consummation must take place, we could perhaps almost determine, if we knew what is the cause of the *Mal'aria*. But this has been reserved among the darkest of nature's secrets. Whether it be, as some have supposed, an exhalation from waters hidden far under the surface, and therefore to be avoided, as one of the cardinals has wisely suggested, by literally paving the whole of the countless acres of the Campagna; or whether it be from the volcanic materials of the soil, which, after decaying for thousands of years, have at last reached the point, when, under the influences of the summer's heat, and the action of the sea air, a noxious gas is developed; or whether it be from any other of the many causes that have been suggested, or from all put together, we have, notwithstanding the discussions that have been carried on, no means to determine. Chemistry detects no difference between the air that, during the months of August and September, destroys life in the Campagna, and the air which elsewhere is life's support and nourishment.

All we know, therefore, of the Mal'aria is from its effects ; and nothing can be more solemn than the exhibition the Campagna gives us of its long continued power. The eye wanders over its boundless waste without finding any other horizon, than that formed by the gentle undulations, which everywhere break without relieving its melancholy monotony. Frequently not a house, nor a tree, nor a sign of human habitation or life is to be seen for many miles. And yet here once lived the hardy and warlike tribes of the Fidenates and the Coriolani. Here was the crowd of population, that found no place in Rome in the times of the Republic. Here was no small portion of the splendor of the Empire. And, finally, here resided the strength of a proud barbarism in the middle ages, when the contest between the Orsini, the Sciaras, the Savelli, and other rude chieftains in their castles without the city, and the ecclesiastical usurpations within, remained so long undecided.

Hæc tunc nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

And yet, there is little in the Campagna to recall the deserts, which nature has elsewhere left or created in her works, since these melancholy wastes owe their power over the feelings and the imagination less to their present condition, than to the recollections and associations they awaken. For the heavens above them are of the most undisturbed and transparent blue. The sun shines with the purest and whitest light. The wind blows with the softest and most exhilarating freshness. The very vegetation is so rich and abundant, so wantonly luxuriant, that it seems as if nature were wooing man to cultivation ;—as if this must be one of the very chosen spots of all the earth for human habitation and happiness. But the mind refuses to rest on all this. The past and the future prevail over the present. It is impossible not to recollect, that this serene sky and brilliant sun, which should inspire such confidence, serve only to develop the noxious qualities of the soil ; that the air which breathes so gently is as fatal as it is balmy ; and that this abundant vegetation is composed only of gross and lazy weeds, such as may be fitly nourished by exhalations so deadly. Or if it were possible, for a moment, to drive away thoughts like these, the few intimations of human life and power that are visible, would recall others even more

sad. The remains of an ancient aqueduct stretching its numberless arches through the waste, would recall the multitudes that once found health in its waters. The occasional fragments of the rude architecture of the middle ages, would give token how long an interval has elapsed, since the last possessors of the soil were compelled to desert it. Or a gibbet, still bearing the shrunk and blackened remains of some miserable wretch, whom this very desolation has tempted to guilt, or a few half savage shepherds, decrepit in youth, pale, haggard and livid, who, indeed, may have survived the poison of one season, but have hardly courage enough left to ask strength from heaven to drag their weary existence beyond another, would still announce the whole waste as the peculiar abode of desolation and death.

These are the feelings and impressions, which prevail over all others in the deserts of the Campagna. Rome, indeed, with the cupola of St Peter's, and the tomb of Adrian, may rise gradually in the horizon, like 'a glorious apparition.' But Rome, too, is already within the influence of that mysterious agent, which is spread everywhere around the remains of its temples and tombs, as an invisible enemy, whose approach no intimation announces, and no power can resist. That this enemy will at last triumph, its past progress does not permit us to doubt. Rome herself already stands in widowed greatness amidst the desolation of the Campagna; and its soil, which for so many centuries teemed with splendor and power, seems now to be emancipating itself by its own secret energies, and demanding to lie fallow of glory as many ages as it bore its burden.

ART. XI.—*A Treatise on the Practice in the Supreme Court of New York in Civil Actions, together with the Proceedings in Error.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1231. New York, 1821, 1823.

THE first volume of this work has been some time in the hands of the professional public, and we now avail ourselves of the occasion furnished by the publication of the second volume, to bring it to the notice of our readers.